PLAYING COURIER.

Experiences of Travel in Europe-Six Things that Had to Be Done. and Other Things that Proved Necessary.

By MARK TWAIN.

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A time would some when we must go from Aix-les-Baines to Geneva, and from thence, by a series of day-long and tangled journeys, to Barreuth in Bayaria. I should have to have a courier of course to take care of se consider-

ple a party as mine.

But I prograstinated. The time slipped along, and at last I woke up one day to the fact that we were ready to move and had no courier. I then resolved upon what I felt was foolhardy thing, but I was in the humor of it. I said I would make the first stage without

belp-I did it. I brought the party from Aix to Geneva by myself-four people. The distance was two hours and more, and there was one change of cars. There was not an accident of any kind, except leaving a valise and some other matters on the platform, a thing which can hardly be called an accident, it is so common. So offered to conduct the party all the way to

This was a blunder, though it did not seem so at the time. There was more detail than thought there would be: 1. Two persons whom we had left in a Genevan pension some weeks before, must be collected and brought to the hotel: 2. I must notify the people on the Grand Quay who store trunks to bring seven of our stored trunks to the hotel and carry back seven which they would find piled in th obby: 3. I must find out what part of Europe Bayreuth was in and buy seven railway ticket for that point: 4. I must send a telegram to a friend in the Netherlands; 5. It was now 2 in the afternoon, and we must look sharp and be ready for the first night train and make sure of sleeping-car tickets; 6. I must draw money

at the bank. It seemed to me that the sleeping-car dekets must be the most important thing, so I went to the station myself to make sure otel messengers are not always brisk people. It was a hot day, and I ought to have driven. but it seemed better economy to walk. It did not turn out so, because I lost my way and trobled the distance. I applied for the tickets. and they asked me which route I wanted to go by, and that embarrassed me and made me lose my head, there were so many people standing around, and I not knowing anythin about the routes and not supposing there were going to be two; so I judged it best to go oack and map out the road and come again. I took a cab this time, but on my way up stairs at the hotel I remembered that I was out of cigars, so I thought it would be well to get some while the matter was in my mind. It was only round the corner and I didn't need I asked the cabman to wait where he was. Thinking of the telegram and trying to cab, and walked on indefinitely. I was going to have the hotel people send the telegram, but as I could not be far from the Post Office by this time, I thought I would do it myself. But it was further than I had supposed. I found the place at last and wrote the telegram and handed it in. The clerk was a severe-looking fidgety man, and he began to fire French ques tions at me in such a liquid form that I not detect the joints between his words, and this made me lose my head again. But an Englishman stepped up and said the clerk wanter to know where he was to send the telegram. I could not tell him, because it was not my tele gram, and I explained that I was merely sending it for a member of my party. But nothing

said that if he was so particular I would go back and get it. However, I thought I would go and collect those lacking two persons first, for it would be best to do everything systematically and in order, and one detail at a time. Then I remembered the cab was eating up my substance down at the hotel yonder; so I called other cab and told the man to go down and fetch it to the Post Office and wait till I came.

would pacify the clerk but the address; so I

I had a long hot walk to collect those people, and when I got there they couldn't come wit me because they had heavy satchels and must have a cab. I went away to find one, but before I ran across any I noticed that I had reached the neighborhood of the Grand Quay -at least I thought I had—so I judged I could save time by stepping around and arranging about the trunks. I stepped around about a mile and although I did not find the Grand Quay, I found a cigar shop, and remembered ut the cigars. I said I was going to Bay. reuth, and wanted enough for the journey. The man asked me which route I was going to take. I said I did not know. He said he would recommend me to go by Zurich and various other places which he named, and offered to sell me seven second-class through tickets for \$22 spiece, which would be throwing off the discount which the railroads allowed him. I was already tired of riding second-class on first-class tickets, so I took him up.

By and by I found Natural & Co.'s storage office, and told them to send soven of our runks to the hotel and pile them up in the obby. It seemed to me that I was not delivering the whole of the message, still it was all I could find in my head.

Next I found the bank and asked for some money, but I had left my letter of credit somewhere and was not able to draw. I remembered now that I must have left it lying on the table where I wrote my telegram: so I got a cab and drove to the Post Office and went up stairs, and they said that a letter of credit had indeed been left on the table, but that it was now in the hands of the police authorities, and it would be necessary for me to go there and prove property. They sent a boy with me. and we went out the back way and walked a couple of miles and found the place; and then I remembered about my cabs, and asked the boy to send them to me when he got back to the Post Omce. It was nightfall now, and the Mayor had gone to dinner. I thought I would go to dinner myself, but the officer on duty tho ifferently, and I stayed. The Mayor dropped in at half past ten, but said it was too late to do anything to-night-come at 9:30 in the ning. The officer wanted to keep me all hight, and said I was a suspicious-looking erson, and probably did not own the letter eredit, and didn't know what a letter of credit was, but merely saw the real owner leave it lying on the table, and wanted to get it because I was probably a person that would want anything he could get, whether it was valuable or not. But the Mayor said he saw nothing suspicious about me, and that I seemed a harmless person and nothing the netter with me but a wandering mind. and not much of that. So I thanked him and he sot me free, and I went home in my three

As I was dog-tired and in no condition to answer questions with discretion. I thought I would not disturb the Expedition at that time of night, as there was a vacant room I knew of at the other end of the hall; but I did not quite arrive there, as a watch had been set, the ex-pedition being anxious about me. I was placed in a galling situation. The Expedition sat stiff and forbidding on four chairs in a row.
with shawis and things all on satchels and guide books in lan. They had been sitting like that for four nours, and the glass going down all the time. Yes, and they were waitingwaiting for me. It seemed to me that nothing but a sudden. happily contrived, and brilliant or de force could break this fron frost and make a diversion in my favor; so I shied my

hat into the arena and followed it with a skip and a jump, shouting blithely:
"Ha, ha, here we all are, Mr. Merryman!"

Nothing could be deeper or stiller than the absence of applause which followed. But I kept on; there seemed no other way, though my confidence, poor enough before, had got a deadly check and was in effect gone.

I tried to be josued out of a heavy heart, I tried to touch the other hearts there and soften the bitter resentment in those faces by throwing off bright and siry fun and making of the eident, but this idea was not well conceived. It was not the right atmosphere for it. I got not one smile; not one line in those offended faces relaxed; I thawed nothing of the winter tha looked out of those frosty eyes. I started one more breezy, poor effort, but the head of the Expedition cut into the centre of it and said: Where have you been?"

I saw by the manner of this that the idea was to get down to cold business now. So I began my travels but was cut short again. Where are the two others? We have bee

Oh, they're all right. I was to fetch a cab will go straight off, and-Sit down! Don't you know it is 11 o'clock!

Where did you leave them?" "At the pension."
"Why didn't you bring them?"

"Because we couldn't carry the satchels And so I thought—" "Thought! You should not try to think One cannot think without the proper machinery. It is two miles to that pension. Did you there without a cab?"

"I- well I didn't intend to; it only happened

How did it happen so?" "Bocause I was at the Post Office and I re-membered that I had left a cab waiting here. and so, to stop that expense, I sent another cal

"To what?" "Well, I don't remember now, but I think the new cab was to have the hotel pay the old cab.

and send it away." What good would that do ?" "What good would it do? It would stop the expense, wouldn't it?"
"By putting the new cab in its place to continue the expense?"

I didn't say anything. "Why didn't you have the new cab come back for you?" "Oh, that is what I did. I remember now.

You that is what I did. Because I recollect "Well, then, why didn't it come back for "To the Post Office? Why, it did."

"Very well, then, how did you come to wall to the pension ?" "I-I don't quite remember how that happened. Oh, yes, I do remember now. I wrote the despatch to send to the Netherlands.

"Oh, thank goodness, you did accomplish something! I wouldn't have had you fail to eand-what makes you look like that! You are trying to avoid my eye. That despatch is the most important thing that- You haven't sent that despatch!"

"I haven't said I didn't send it." "You don't need to. Oh, dear, I wouldn't have had that telegram fail for anything. Why didn't you send it?" "Well, you see, with so many things to do

and think of, I-they're very particular there and after I had written the telegram -" "Oh, never mind, let it go, explanations can't

help the matter now-what will he think of "Oh, that's all right, that's all right, he'll think we gave the telegram to the hotel people

and that they-"Why, certainly! Why didn't you do that There was no other rational way." "Yes, I know, but then I had it on my mind

that I must be sure and get to the bank and draw some money-"Well, you are entitled to some credit, after all, for thinking of that, and I don't wish to be

too hard on you, though you must acknowl edge yourself that you have cost us all a goo ical of trouble, and some of it not necessary How much did you draw?

Wol!, I-I had an idea that-that-"That what?"

"That-well, it seems to me that in the cirumatances-so many of us. you know, and-"What are you mooning about? Do turn your face this way and let me-why, you havn't

drawn any money!" Well, the banker sa "Never mind what the banker said. You

must have had a reason of your own. Not a reason, exactly, but something which-" "Well, then, the simple fact was that adn't my letter of credit."

"Hadn't your letter of credit?" 'Hadn't my letter of credit."

Don't repeat me like that. Where was it?

What was it doing there?

"Well, I forgot it and left it there." "Upon my word, I've seen a good many couriers, but of all the couriers that ever I-

"I've done the best I could." Well, so you have, poor thing, and I'm wrong to abuse you so when you've been working yourself to death while we've been sitting here only thinking of our vexation instead of feeling grateful for what you were trying to do for us. It will all come out right We can take the 7:30 train in the morning jus as well. You've bought the tickets?"

"I have-and it's a bargain, too. Second "I'm glad of it. Everybody else travels se ond class, and we might just as well save that ruinous extra charge. What did you pay?"

"Twenty-two dollars aplece-through to Bayreuth. "Why, I didn't know you could buy through tickets anywhere but in London and Paris." "Some people can't, maybe; but some peo

ple can-of whom I am one of which, it ap-'It seems a rather high price." "On the contrary. The dealer knocked of his commission."

"Yes—I bought them at a cigar shop."
"That reminds me. We shall have to get up pretty early, and so there should be no pack ng to do. Your umbrella, your rubbers, you

gars-what is the matter?" "Hang it. I've left the cigars at the bank." "I'll have that all right. There's no hurry

"Oh, that's all right: I'll take care of-Where is that umbrella?" "It's just the merest step-it won't take

"Where is it?" "Well, I think I left it at the cigar shop; but "Take your feet out from under that thing. It's just as I expected! Where are your rub

ors?"
"They-well-" "Where are your rubbers?"

"It's got so dry now-well everybody says there's not going to be another drop of-"Where-are-your-rubbers?"

"Well, you see-well, it was this way. First the officer said-Police officer: but the Mayor, he-

What Mayor?" "Mayor of Geneva: but I said-" Wait. What is the matter with you?" "Who, me? Nothing. They both tried

persuade me to stay, and-"Stay where?"
"Well-the fact is---"

"Where have you been? What's kept you out till half past 10 at night?" "O. you see, after I lost my letter of credit. "You are beating around the bush a good deal. Now, answer the question in just one

straightforward word. Where are those rub-'They-well: they're in the county jail." I started a placeting smile, but it petrified.

The climate was unsuitable. Spending three or four hours in jail did not seem to the expedition humorous. Neither did it to me, at bot-

I had to explain the whole thing, and of course it came out then that we couldn't take the early train, because that would leave my letter of credit in hock still. It did look as if we had all got to go to bed estranged and unhappy, but by good luck that was prevented. There happened to be mention of the trunks, and I was able to say I had attended to that

"There, you are just as good and thoughtful and painstaking and intelligent as you can be, and it's a shame to find so much fault with you, and there shan't be another word of it You've done beautifully, admirably, and I'm sorry I ever said one ungrateful word to you.

This bit deeper than some of the other things and made me uncomfortable, because I wasn feeling as solid about that trunk arrand as I wanted to. There seemed somehow to be defect about it somewhere, though I couldn't put my finger on it, and didn't like to stir the matter just now, it being late and maybe well enough to let well enough alone. Of course there was music in the morning.

when it was found that we couldn't leave by the early train. But I had no time to wait: got only the opening bars of the overture, and then started out to get my letter of credit. It seemed a good time to look into the trunk susiness and rectify it if it needed it, and had a suspicion that it did. I was too late

The concierge said he had shipped the trunks to Zurich the evening before. I asked him how he could do that without exhibiting pas-

"Not pecessary in Switzerland. You pay for your trunks and send them where you please Nothing goes free but your hand baggage." How much did you pay on them?" " A hundred and forty francs."

rrong about that trunk business, sure."

Twenty-eight dollars. There's something

Next I met the porter. He said: You have not slept well, is it not. You have the worn look. If you would like a courier, a good one has arrived last night, and is not engaged for five days already, by the name of Ludi. We recommend him; dass heiss, the Grande Hotel Beau Rivage recommends him." I declined with coldness. My spirit was no broken yet. And I did not like having my condition taken notice of in this way. I was at the county jail by 9 o'clock, hoping that the Mayor might chance to come before his regu-

lar hour; but he didn't. It was dull ther Every time I offered to touch anything, or look at anything, or do anything, or refrain from loing anything, the policeman said it was "defendu." I thought I would practise my French on him, but he wouldn't have that, either. It seemed to make him particularly

bitter to hear his own tongue. The Mayor came at last, and then there was o trouble; for the minute he had convened the Supreme Court-which they always do -and got everything shipshape and sentries posted, and had prayer by the chaplain, my insealed letter was brought and opened, and there wasn't anything in it but some photo graphs: because, as I remembered now, I had taken out the letter of credit so as to make room for the photographs, and had put the letter in my other pocket, which I proved to overybody's satisfaction by fetching it out and showing it with a good deal of exultation. So then the court looked at each other in a vacan kind of way, and then at me, and then at each other again, and finally let me go, but said i was imprudent for me to be at large, and asked me what my profession was. I said I was a courier. They lifted up their eyes in a kind of reverent way and said. "Du lieber Gott!" and I said a word of courteous thanks for their apparent admiration and hurried off

However, being a courier was already making me a great stickler for order and system and one thing at a time and each thing in its own proper turn; so I passed by the bank and branched off and started for the two lacking nembers of the expedition. A cab lazied by and I took it upon persuasion. I gained no by this, but it was a reposeful turnout and I liked reposefulness. The week-long liations over the six hundredth anniver sary of the birth of Swiss liberty and the Sign ing of the Compact was at flood tide, and all the streets were clothed in fluttering flags.

to the bank.

The horse and the driver had been drunk three days and nights, and had known no stall nor bed meantime. They looked as I feltdreamy and seedy. But we arrived in course housemaid to rush out the lacking members she said something which I did not under stand, and I returned to the chariot. The girl had probably told me that those people did not belong on her floor, and that it would be judicious for me to go higher, and ring from floor to floor till I found them; for in thos Swiss flats there does not seem to be any way to find the right family but to be patient as guess your way along up. I calculated that I must wait fifteen minutes, there being three details inseparable from an occasion of this sort: 1, put on hats and come down and climb in; 2, return of one to get "my other glove; 3. presently, return of the other one to fetch 'my French Verbs at a Glance." I would muse during the fifteen minutes and take it

A very still and blank interval ensued, and then I felt a hand on my shoulder and started The intruder was a policeman. I glanced up and perceived that there was new scenery. There was a good deal of a crowd, and they had that pleased and interested look which such a crowd wears when they see that somebody is out of luck. The horse was asleen hung them and me full of gaudy decorations stolen from the innumerable banner poles. It was a scandalous speciacle. The officer said: "I'm sorry, but we can't have you sleeping

I was wounded and said with dignity: "I beg your pardon, I was not sleeping: was thinking."

Well, you can think if you want to, but you've got to think to yourself; you disturb the whole neighborhood." It was a poor joke, but it made the crowd laugh. I snore at night sometimes, but it is not likely that I would do such a thing in the daytime and in such a place. The officer undecorated us, and seemed sorry for our friendlessness, and really tried to be humane, but he said we mustn't stop there any longer or h would have to charge us rent-it was the law,

way that I was looking pretty mouldy, and he wished he knew-I shut him off pretty austerely, and said I hoped one might celebrate a little, these days,

Personally?" he asked. "How?" "Because 600 years ago an ancestor of mine signed the compact."

He reflected a moment, then looked me over and said: "Ancestor! It's my opinion you signed it yourself. For of all the old ancient relics that ever I-but never mind about that. What is it

you are waiting here for so long?" "I'm not waiting here so long at all. I'm waiting fifteen minutes till they forget a glove and a book and go back and get them." Then I told him who they were that I had come for. He was very obliging, and began to shout in-quiries to the tiers of heads and shoulders projecting from the windows above us. Then a

"Oh, they? Why I got them a cab and they left here long ago-half-past 8, I should say. It was annoying. I glanced at my watch but didn't say anything. The officer said:
"It is a quarter of 12, you see. You should

woman away up there sung out:

have inquired better. You have been asleep three-quarters of an hour, and in such a su as this. You are baked-baked black. It is wonderful. And you will miss your train, per haps. You interest me greatly. What is your

I said I was a courier. It seemed to stun

him, and before he could come to we were

When I arrived in the third story of the hotel I found our quarters vacant. I was not sur-prised. The moment a courier takes his ove off his tribe they go shopping. The nearer i is to train time the surer they are to go. I sat down to try and think out what I had best do next, but presently the hall boy found me there, and said the expedition had gone to the station half an hour before. It was the first time I had known them to do a rational thing and it was very confusing. This is one of the and uncertain. Just as matters are going the val. and down go all his arrangements to

The train was to leave at 12 noon sharp. I was now ten minutes after 12. I could be at the station in ten minutes. I saw I had no great amount of leeway, for this was the lightning express, and on the Continent the light ning expresses are pretty fastidious about getting away some time during the advertised day. My people were the only ones remaining waiting room; everybody else had passed through and "mounted the train," as they say in those regions. They were exhaust ed with nervousness and fret, but I comforted them and heartened them up, and we made

our rush.

But no; we were out of luck again. The doorkeeper was not satisfied with the tickets. He examined them cautiously, deliberately suspiciously; then glared at me awhile, and after that be called another official. The two ex amined the tickets and called another official These called others, and the convention discussed and discussed and gesticulated and carried on until I begged that they would conside how time was flying, and just pass a few reso lutions and let us go. Then they said very courteously that there was a defect in the tickets, and asked me where I got them.

I judged I saw what the trouble was, now You see, I had bought the tickets in a cigar shop, and of course the tobacco smell was or them; without doubt the thing they were up to was to work the tickets through the Custor House and to collect duty on that smell. So I resolved to be perfectly frank; it is sometimes the best way. I said: "Gentlemen, I will not deceive you. These

rallway tickets--' "Ah, pardon, monsieur! These are not rail way tickets."

"Oh," I said, "Is that the defect ?" "Ah, truly yes, monsieur. These are lotter; tickets, yes: and it is a lottery which has been

drawn two years ago." I affected to be greatly amused: It is all one ean do in such circumstances; it is all one can do, and yet there is no value in it: it deceived nobody, and you can see that everybody around pities you and is ashamed of you. of the hardest situations in life, I think, is to be full of grief and a sense of defeat and shab biness that way, and yet have to put on an outside of archness and guiety, while all the time you know that your own expedition, the treasures of your heart, and whose love and reverence you are by the custom of our civil zation entitled to, are being consumed with humiliation before strangers to see you earn ing and getting a compassion, which is a stigma, a brand-a brand which certifles you to be-oh, anything and everything which is

fatal to human respect. I said cheerily, it was all right, just one o those little accidents that was likely to happen to anybody-I would have the right tickets in two minutes, and we would catch the train yet and, moreover, have something to laugh abou all through the journey. I did get the tickets in time, all stamped and complete, but then it turned out that I couldn't take them, because in taking so much pains about the two miss ing members, I had skipped the bank and hadn't the money. So then the train left, and there didn't seem to be anything to do but go back to the hotel, which we did: but it was to start a few subjects, like scenery and transubstantiation, and those sorts of things, but they didn't seem to hit the weather right.

We had lost our good rooms, but we got some others which were pretty scattering, but would answer. I judged things would brighten now, but the Head of the Expedition said "Send ur the trunks." It made me feel protty cold. There was a doubtful something about that trunk business. I was almost sure of it. I was go ing to suggest

But a wave of the hand sufficiently restrained me, and I was informed that we would now camp for three days and see if we could I said all right, never mind ringing; I would

go down and attend to the trunks myself. I got a cab and went straight to Mr. Charle Natural's place, and asked what order it was I had left there.
"To send seven trunks to the hotel."

"And were you to bring any back?"

back seven that would be found piled in the

"Absolutely sure you didn't." "Then the whole fourteen are gone to Zurich or Jericho or somewhere, and there is going to be more débris around that hotel when the I didn't finish, because my mind was getting

to be in a good deal of a whirl, and when you are that way you think you have finished i sentence when you haven't, and you go moon ing and dreaming away, and the first thing you know you get run over by a dray or a cov I left the cab there-I forgot it-and on my

way back I thought it all out and concluded to resign, because otherwise I should be nearly sure to be discharged. But I didn't believe it would be a good idea to resign in person; could do it by message. So I sent for Mr. Ludi and explained that there was a courier going to resign on account of incompatibility or fatigue or something, and as he had four or five vacant days, I would like to insert him into that vacancy if he thought he could fill it. When everything was arranged I got him to go up and say to the Expedition that, owing to an error made by Mr. Natural's people, we were out of trunks here, but would have plenty in Zurich, and we'd better take the first train, freight, gravel, or construction, and move

right along.

He attended to that and came down with an invitation for me to go up-yes, certainly; and, while we walked along over to the bank to ge money, and collect my cigars and tobacco, and to the cigar shop to trade back the lottery tickets and get my umbrella, and to Mr. Natural's to pay that cab and send it away, and to the county jail to get my rubbers and leave p he described the weather to me that was pre vailing on the upper levels there with the Exedition, and I saw that I was doing very

well where I was. I stayed out in the woods till 4 P. M., to le the weather moderate, and then turned up at the station just in time to take the 3 o'clock express for Zurich along with the Expedition now in the hands of Ludi, who conducted its complex affairs with little apparent effort or

Wall I had worked like a slave while I was in office, and done the very best I knew how yet all that these people dwelt upon or see to care to remember was the defects of my adinistration, not its creditable features. The would skip over a thousand creditable features just one fact, till it seemed to me they would wear it out; and not much of a fact, either taken by itself-the fact that I elected myself courier in Geneva, and put in work enough to carry a circus to Jerusalem, and yet never even got my gang out of the town. I finally said I didn't wish to hear any more about the sub-ject, if made me tired. And I told them to their faces that I would never be a courier again to save anybody's life. And if I live long enough I'il prove it. I think it's a difficu brain racking, overworked, and thoroughly ungrateful office, and the main bulk of its wages is a sore heart and a bruised spirit.

THE QUALITY OF MERCY

A Story of Contemporary American Life.

By WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS. (Copyright, 1891, by W. D. Howells.) SCOND PART.

CHAPTER VIII. Adelme was in a flutter of voluble foreboding

till Elbridge came back. She asked Suzette whether she believed their father would get away; she said she knew that Elbridge would miss the train with that slow old mare, and their father would be arrested. Weak as she was from the sick bed she had left to welcome him, she dressed herself carefully, so as to ready for the worst; she was going to jail with him if they brought him back; she had made up her mind to that. From time to time she went out and looked up the road to see if Elbridge was coming back alone, o whether the officers were bringing her father she expected they would bring him first to hi family. She did not know why. Suzette tried to keep her indoors; to make her lie down She refused, with wild upbraidings. She de clared that Suzette had never cared anything for her father; she had wanted to give their mother's property away to please the Hilarys and now that she was going to marry Matt Hilary, she was perfectly indifferent to everything else. She asked Suzette what had come

Elbridge drove first to the stable and put up his horse when he came back. Then he walked to the lodge to report.

"Is he safe? Did he get away? Where is

he?" Adeline shricked at him before he could get a word out. "Ho's all right, Miss Northwick," Elbridge answered, soothingly. "He's on his way back

to Canady again." "Then I've driven him away!" she lamenter "I've hunted him out of his home, and I shall never see him any more. Send for him! Send for him! Bring him back, I tell you! Go right straight after him and tell him I said to come back! What are you standing there for "

She fell fainting. Elbridge holped Suzette carry her up stairs to her bed and then ran to get his wife to stay with them while he went for the doctor.

Matt Hilary had been spending the night at the rectory with Wade, and he walked out to take leave of Suzette once more before he went home. He found the doctor just driving nway. "Miss Northwick seems not so well," said the doctor. "I'm very glad you happen to be here, on all accounts. I shall come again Matt turned from the shadow of mystery the

doctor's manner left, and knocked at the door. It was opened by Suzette almost before he touched it. "Come in." she said, in a low voice, whose

quality fended him from her almost as much as the conditional look she gave him. The excited babble of the sick woman overhead mixed with Mrs. Newton's nasal attempts to quiet her, broke in upon their talk. "Mr. Hilary," said Suzette, formally, "are

you willing my father should come back, no matter what happens?" "If he wishes to come back. You know what

I have always said." "And you would not care if they put him in prison?"

'I should care very much." "You would be ashamed of me!" "No! Never! What has it to do with you?"

"Then," she pursued, "he has come back. He has been here." She flashed all the fact upon him in vivid, rapid phrases, and he listened with an intelligent silence that stayed and comforted her as no words could have done. Before she had finished his arms were round her, and she felt how inalienably faithful he was. "And now Adeline is raving to have him come back again, and stay. She thinks she drove him away; she will die if something can't be done. She says she would not let him stay because-because you would

be ashamed of us. She says I would be

"Suzette! Sue!" Adeline called down from the chamber above, "don't you let Mr. Hilary And while they stared helplessly at each othe they heard her saying to Mrs. Newton, "Yes, I shall, too! I'm perfectly rested now, and I shall go down. I should think I knew how I felt. I don't care what the doctor said; and if you try to stop me--" She came clattering down the stairs in the boots which she had pulled loosely on, and as soon as she showed her excited face at the door she began: "I've thought out a plan, Mr. Hilary, and I want you should go and see Mr. Putney about it. You ask him if it won't do. They can get father let out on bail when he comes back, and I can be his bail, and then, when there's a trial, the can take me instead of him. It won't matter to the court which they have, as long as they have somebody. Now, you go and ask Mr. Putney. I know he'll say so, for he's thought just as I have about father's case all along. Will you

"Will you go up and lie down again. Adeline, if Mr. Hilary will go?" Suzette asked. like one dealing with a capricious child. "What do you all want me to lie down for?" Adeline turned upon her. "I'm perfectly well And do you suppose I can rest, with such a thing on my mind? If you want me to res you'd better let him go and find out what Mr. Putney says. I think we'd better all go to Canada and bring father back with us. He isn't fit to travel alone or with strangers. He needs some one that understands his ways and I'm going to him just as soon as Mr. Putney approves of my plan, and I know he will But I don't want Mr. Hilary to lose any time now. I want to be in Quebec about as soon as

father is. Will you go?" "Yes, Miss Northwick," said Matt, taking her tremulous hand. "I'll go to Mr. Putney and I'll see my father again, and whatever can be done to save your father any further suffer

"I don't care for myself," she said, plucking her hand away. "I'm young and strong, and I can bear it. But it's father I'm so anxious

She began to cry. and at a look from Suzette Matt left them. As he walked along up toward

the village in mechanical compliance with Adeline's crazy wish, he felt more and more the deepening tragedy of the case, and the inadequacy of all the conventional palliatives. trouble, and that was for Northwick to sur render himself, and for them all to meet the consequences together. He realized how des-perately homesick the man must have been to take the risks he had run in stealing back for a look upon the places and the faces so dear to him; his heart was heavy with pity for him. One might call him coward and egotist all one would; at the end remained the fact of a love which, if it could not endure heroically, was still a deep and strong affection, doubtless the deepest and stronges thing in the man's weak and shallow nature. It might be his truest inspiration, and if it prompted him to venture everything, and to abide by whatever might befall him, for the sake of being near those he loved, and enjoying the convict's wretched privilege of look-ing on them now and then, who should gain-

Matt took Wade in on his way to Putney's office, to lay the question before him, and he answered it for him in the same breath Certainly no one less deeply concerned than the man's own flesh and blood could forbid

"I'm not sure," said Wade, "that even his own flesh and blood would have a supreme right there. It may be that love, and not duty, is the highest thing in life. Oh. I know

how we reason it away, and say that true love very sacrifice of our impulses; and we are of calling our impulses blind, but Go alone knows whether they are blind. The reasoned sacrifice may satisfy the higher soul, but what about the simple and primitive

natures which it won't satisfy?" For answer. Matt told how Northwick had come back, at the risk of arrest, for an hour with his children, and was found in the empty house that had been their home, and brought to them; how he had be sought them to let him stay, but they had driven him back to his exile. Matt explained how he was on his way to the lawyer, at Adeline's frantic demand, to go all over the case again, and see if some thing could not be done to bring Northwich safely home. He had himself no hope of find ing any loophole in the law, through which the fugitive could come and go; if he returned Matt felt sure that he would be arrested and convicted, but he was not sure that this might not be the best thing for all. "You know," he said. "I've always believed that if he could voluntarily submit himself to the penalty of his offence, the penalty would be the greatest blessing for him on earth; the only blessing

for his ruined life." "Yes," Wade answered, "we have always thought alike about that, and perhaps this torment of longing for his home and children may be the divine means of leading him to ac cept the only mercy possible with God for such a sufferer. If there were no one but him concerned, we could not hesitate in urging him to return. But the innocent who must endure the shame of his penalty with him-

"They are ready for that. Would it be wors. than what they have learned to endure?" " Perhaps not. But I was not thinking of his children alone. You, yourself. Matt; your

Matt threw up his arms impatiently, and made for the door. "There's no question of me. And if they could not endure their portion-the mere annoyance of knowing the slight for them in the minds of vulgar people-I should be ashamed of them." "Well, you are right, Matt," said his friend.

God bless you and guide you!" added the The lawyer had not yet come to his office and Matt went to find him at his house. Putney had just finished his breakfast, and they met

at his gate, and he turned back indoors with Matt. "Well, you know what's happened, see," he said, after the first glance at Matt' "Yes, I know; and now what can be done? Are you sure we've considered every point? Isn't there some chance--

Putney shook his head, and then bit off a piece of tobacco before he began to talk. "I've been over the whole case in my mind this morning, and I'm perfectly certain there isn't the shadow of a chance of his escaping trial it he gives himself up. That's what you mean, I suppose?

Yes; that's what I mean," said Matt. with a certain disappointment. He supposed he had nerved himself for the worst, but he found he had been willing to accept something short

"At times I'm almost sorry he got off." said Putney. "If we could have kept him and surrendered him to the law. I believe we could have staved off the trial though we couldn't have prevented it, and I believe we could have kept him out of State prison on the ground o insanity." Matt started impatiently, "Oh. I don't mean that it could be shown that he was of unsound mind when he used the company' funds and tampered with their books, though I have my own opinion about that. But I feel sure that he's of unsound mind at present, and I believe we could show it so clearly in cour that the prosecution would find it impossible to convict. We could have him sent to the in sane asylum, and that would be a creditable exit from the affair in the public eye; it would have a retroactive effect that would popularly acquit him of the charges against him."

Putney could not forego a mischlevous er joyment of Matt's obvious discomfort of this suggestion. His flerce eyes blazed; but he added seriously, "Why shouldn't he have the advantage of the truth, if that is the truth about him? And I believe it is. I think it could be honestly and satisfactorily proved from his history, ever since the defalcation came out, that his reason is affected. His whole conduct. so far as I know it, shows it; and I should like a chance to argue the case in court. And l feel pretty sure I shall yet. I'm just as certain as I sit here that he will come back again. He can't keep away; and another time he may not fall into the hands of friends. It will be a good gets out; but it will get out at last, and ther the detectives will be on the watch for him. Perhaps it will be just as well for us if he falls into their hands. If we produced him in court it might be more difficult to work the plea of insanity. But I do think the man's insane, and I should go into the case with a full and thorough persuasion on that point. Did he tell them where to find him in Canada?"

"He promised to let them know."

"I doubt if he does," said Putney. "He means to try to come back again. The secrehe's kept as to his whereabouts-the perfectly needless and motiveless secreey, as far as hichildren are concerned-would be a strong point in favor of the theory of insanity. Yes sir; I believe the thing could be done; and I should like to do it. If the pressure of our life produces insanity of the homicidal and sul cidal type, there's no reason why it shouldn't produce insanity of the defalcational type The conditions tend to produce it in a propor tion that is simply incalculable, and I think it's time that jurisprudence recognized the fact of such a mental disease, say, as defale mania. If the fight for money and material success goes on, with the opportunities that the accumulation of vast sums in a few hands

afford, what is to be the end?" Matt had no heart for the question of meta physics or of economics, whichever it was, that would have attracted him in another mood He went back to Susette and addressed himself with her to the task of quieting her siste Adeline would be satisfied with nothing less than the assurance that Putney agreed her that her father would be acquitted if he merely came back and gave himself up; she had changed to this notion in Matt's absence and with the mental reservation which he permitted himself he was able to give the assur ance she asked. Then at last she consented to go to bed and wait for the doctor's coming b fore she began her preparations for joining her father in Canada. She did not relinquish that purpose; she felt sure that he never could get home without her; and Suzette must

CHAPTER IX.

come, too.

The fourth morning when Pinney went down into the hotel office at Quebec. after a trying night with his sick child and its anxious mother, he found Northwick sitting there. He seemed to Pinney a part of the troubled dream he had waked from.

"Well, where under the sun, moon, and stars have you been?" he demanded, taking the hance that this phantasm might be fiesh and A gleam of gratified slyness lit up the hag-

gardness of Northwick's face. "I've been at home-at Hatboro'." "Come off!" said Pinney, astounded out o

the last remnant of deference he had tried to keep for Northwick. He stood looking incred-ulously at him a moment. "Come in to breakast and tell me about it. If I could only have it for a scoop--Northwick ate with wolfish greed, and as the victuals refreshed and fortified him he came out with his story, slowly, bit by bit. Pinner

listened with mute admiration. "Well, sir," he said, "it's the biggest thing I ever heard of." But his face darkened. "I suppose you know it leaves me out in the cold. I came up here," he explained. "as the agent of your friends, to find you, and I did find you. But if you've gone and given the whole ming away I

Pinney. "They don't know where I am now." e suggested. "Are you willing I should take charge of the

ease from this on?" asked Pinney. "Yes. Only-don't leave me," said North wick, with tremulous dependence. "You may be sure I won't let you out of my sight again," said Pinney. He took a telegraphic blank from his breast pocket and addressed it to Matt Hilary: "Our friend here all right with me at Murdock's Hotel." He counted the words to see that there were no more than ton: then he called a waiter and sent the de-spatch to the office. "Tell 'em to pay it and

set it down against me. Tell 'em to rush ft."

Pinney showed himself only less devoted to

Northwick than to his own wife and child. His

walks and talks were all with him; and as the

baby got better he gave himself more and

more to the intimacy established with him:

and Northwick seemed to grow more and more reliant on Pinney's filial cares. Mrs. Pinney shared these, as far as the baby would permits and she made the silent refugee at home with her. She had her opinion of his daughters who did not come to him, now that they knew. where he was: but she concealed it from him. and helped him answer Sugette's letters when he said he was not feeling quite well enough to write himself. Adeline did not write; Susette always said she was not quite well, but was getting better. Then in one of Suzette's letters there came a tardy confession that Adeline was confined to her bed. She was tormented: with the thought of having driven him away. and Suzette said she wished her to write and tell him to come back or to let them come to him Sho asked him to express some wish in the matter, so that she could show his answer to Adeline. Suzette wrote that Mr. Hilary had ome over from his farm, and we staying at Eibilige Newton's, to be constantly with them. and, in fact, Matt was with them when Adeline suddenly died; they had not thought her dangerously sick till the very day of her death. when she began to sink rapidly.

In the letter that brought in snews, Suzette said that if they had drown at of present danger they would have sent to their father to come back at any hazard, and she lamented that they had all been so blind. The Newtons would stay with her till succeed I join him in Quebec; or, if he wished to return, she and Matt were both of the same mind about it. They were ready for any even abut Matt felt that he ought to know there was no hope of his escaping a tried if he act areal and that he on ht to by left corfeetly rie to decide.

Adei,ne would be laid by life a w mother. The old man broke but a fee ble whimper as M . Pinney read Line too la a words. Pinney. walking so thy up and down with the baby in

"I believe he could be got of it he went back." he said to his wife in a lines of sympathy when Northwick had taken his letter away to his own room.

The belief generous in itself, began to mix with self-interest in Pinney's soul. He conscientiously forbore to urge I ctawick to return, but he could not help cortraying the flattering possibilities of such a course. Before they parted for Pinney's own return, he conflded his ambition for the future to Northwick. and as delicately as he could be suggested that if Northwick ever did make up his mind to go back he could not find a more interested and attentive travelling companion. seemed to take the light view of the matter, the ousiness view, and Pinney thought he had arranged a difficult point with great thet; but he modes'ly concealed his suggest from his wife. They both took leave of the exile with affection, and Mrs. Pinney put her arms round his neck and kissed him; he promised her that he would take good care of hi aself in her absence. Pinney put a business a tress in his

hand at the last moment. Northwick seemed to have got back something of his moral force after these people. who had so strangely become his friends, left him to his own resources. One more he b gan to dream of employing the money he had with him for making more, and paying back the Ponkwasset company's forced loans. He positively forbade Suzette's coming to him, as she proposed, after Adeline's faneral. He telegraphed to prevent her undertaking the journey, and he wrote, saving to wished alone for a while, and to decid for himself the question of his fate. He approved of Matt's wish that they should be married at once, and he replied to Matt letter decently observant of the poculiar circumstances, recognizing the his father and mother might well, to it, and expressing the hope that he was geting with letter could their full and free consent. It : told heavily against Putney's theory of a defence on the gound of in-ag. clear, and just, and reasonable; though perhaps an expert might have record well a mental obliquity in its affirmation of Northwick's belief that Matt's father would not come to see his conduct in its true light a set to regard

him as the victim of circumsta . . . which he Among the friends of the Hilbert there was misgiving on this point of their proroval of Matt's marriage. Some of them tought that the parents' hands had been 'cont in the blessing they gave it. Old its a leaf Corey expressed a general feeling to Hilary with

" Hilary, you seem to have disappointed the expectation of the admirers of your fron firmness. I tell 'em that's what you keep for your enemies. But they seem to talk that in Matt's case you ought to have been more of a Roman father."

"I'm just going to become one," said Hilary, with the good temper proper to tast moment of the dinner. "Mrs. Hilary and Louise are taking me over to Rome for the winter." "You don't say so, you don't say!" said. Corey, "I wish my family would take me.

Boston is gradually making an old man of me.

I'm afraid it will end by killing me." CHAPTER X.

Northwick, after the Pinneys went home. lapsed into a solitude relieved only by the daily letters that Suzette sent him. He shrank from the offers of friendly kindness on the part of people at the hotel, who pitied his loneliness, and he began to live in a dream of his home again. He had relinquished that notion of attempting a new business life, which had briefly revived in his mind; the same causes that had operated against it in the be-ginning controlled and defeated it now. He eit himself too old to begin life over; his energies were spent. Such as he had been, he had nade himself very slowly and cautiously, in familiar conditions; he had never been a man of business dash, and he could not pick him self up and launch himself in a new career, as a man of different make might have done, even at his ge. Perhaps there had been some lesion of the will in that fever of his at Ha! Ha! Bay, which disabled him from forming any distinct purpose or from trying to carry out any such purpose as he did form. Perhaps he was, in his helplessness, merely of that refugee type which exile moulds men to: a thing of memories and hopes, without definite aims or plans.

As the days passed he dwelt in an outward inertness, while his dreams and longings incessantly rehabilitated the home whose deso lation he had seen with his own eyes. It would be better to go back and suffer the sen-tence of the law, and then go to live again in the place which, in spite of his senses, he could only imagine clothed in the comfort and state that had been stripped from it. El-bridge's talk, on the way to West Hatboro', about the sale and what had become of the horses and cattle and the plants, went for no more than the evidence of his own eyes that they were all gone. He did not realize, except in the shocks that the fact imparted at times, that death as well as disaster had invaded his home. Adeline was, for the most part, still alive; in his fond reveries she was present and part of that home as she had always been.

He began to flatter himself that if he went back he could contrive that compromise with can't ask anything for my services."

Northwick seemed interested, and even about; he persuaded himself that if it came to southed, by the hardship he had worked to

day you ton

she s she s she s she s she s